BEN IS DEAD

AN ALTERNATIVE GUIDE TO SURVIVAL

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October 31, 1988

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Ads

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(10% discount to all first issue advertisers, thank you)

This is dedicated to my dad's birthday and to my mom not being sick.

Editors Note

I thought it would be important to point out the indications and ideals of this magazine to our readers.

Ideals. We at "Ben is Dead" have no intention of restricting ourselves. All issues should be discussed, even those issues where some people may feel offended. We write what we think, not with closed minds, but always with the understanding that there is more than one side to every story. If you read a story in this magazine that harms your personal ideals, or you just don't agree with it, we will be more than happy to print what you think.

Intentions. We intend to stimulate. More and more people are willing to accept things. All things. Bad music, stupid television programs, pollution, politicians, boredom, stupidity, etc. We'd like to insight and motivate people into taking action.

We intend to entertain and present people with alternatives to their entertainment. In the future we expect to organize shows and open new clubs.

This is our first issue. Hope you get something out of it.

Thanks. Darby.

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Darby. (213) 463-2613

Wacka Wacka

Driving at 0 m.p.h.

Darby

There's no politics here. Let us call politics monopoly, the game. I want to be the car. Now we're cruisin' around town. This town and that town, they're all the same in America, the U.S. of. "Shit", I say, as we drive by one thousand cities. They're all covered with people. I swear they are everywhere, like cockroches. Close your eyes and imagine cockroches. Imagine them crawling on you while you are sleeping. You wake up in terror. Wondering what parts of your body have been invaded, you shake and scream as you run to the bathroom. You turn on the shower and rush in. The cold water tries but can't quite purify your naked skin. "So", I say, "Where to?" Of course everyone wants to go to Disneyland. And we're there. And we're on Acid. And we see everyone in our family there. They're all on acid. Everyone is wearing a "you've got the right to say NO" t-shirt. So my sister and your mom and you and me get on those spaceships that fly around in a circle.

"Pathos, Angst, and Psychic Mutilation on Melrose Avenue..."

John Rogers

Razor smiled crookedly and took a slow drag off his butt. Madame Glemwhist, the Vine Street oracle with whom he'd spent the better part of an hour, moaned and began to emerge from the deep, opium-induced trance she had fallen into. Next to Razor, the twin nymphomaniac, bisexual Aborigine chicks he'd picked up at Frankenstein's, twitched uneasily. They were frightened of the spiritual forces at work in the tapestry-lined antechamber. In the lambent yet luminous half-light, their faces shown bright with fear...

For an instant, Razor recalled the almost mind-bending night he had first met them- nude in a back alley- yearning for brutal screaming sex...something he had been more than willing to provide. His tattoos had driven them wild.

Razor laughed roughly.

Glemwhist gasped, her frail, Gypsy frame shaking spastically. Droplets of perfumed sweat fell onto the thick, Persian rug surrounding the crystal ball podium. Suddenly her eyes opened wide and she unleased a bloodcurdling shriek. It echoed in and among the tiny voodoo figurines dangling on tethers from the ceiling.

The twins both started to weep, hugging each other and muttering incoherently in Indonesian, their native tongue.

"What the fuck?", Razor said softly, waiting.

The medium gathered her voluminous skirt around her corpulent legs and took a tremulous sip from her porcelain cup. Then she looked up at Razor's hulking, black-leather-clad form and squinted. "Tonight", she intoned cryptically, "someone close to you will die a pig's death..."

*

Nightfall on Melrose.

The sidewalks were crammed with the various bizarre Hollywood denizens Razor had come to know so well; the punkers with their pins and needles and multi-hued hair; the drugged-out rockers, bodies torn by white lightning and a steady diet of stale Doritoes; the buttfuckers, neo-women sometimes in drag, always on the make- classic pre-WWII Berlin Fags; the human flotsam- in rags, bare-foot, mewling like starving babies...

Razor couldn't help but laugh outright.

Home. G-d, he loved it!

He parked the '59 T-Bird in front of Scream and began to assemble his after-dark combat regalia. First came the boot blade, strapped tightly to his right ankle. Next was the back-pocket black-jack, good for close-quarters. Then there was the weapon that had given birth to his name, the glittering piece of steel that had saved him from degradation and death back when he'd done time in Sing Sing.

He had been the Razor. He always cut to the bone...

This folding butterfly was taped to his left forearm.

Penny Lane
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The crowd outside Scream was a roiling mass of punching, kicking pseudo-humanity. Razor and the twins bulldozed their way up to the ticket counter, pushing aside whacked-out clubbers as if they were living garbage.

"What the fuck do you want?" The skinhead behind the glass asked. "Just give us a pass and go suck off a donkey, asswipe."

The baldy made a sour expression and sent three tickets through the slot.

Inside was a spinning, kaliedescope miasma not unlike most artistic depictions of Hell. The heat was intense, the noise level near deafening. The floors were jammed with undulating bodies, many in poses of torment, the last stages of manic suffering...

Razor breathed deeply of this sweet aroma, relishing its pungent, acrid taste.

The central dance floor resembled, if anything, the main ring of a traveling circus; two-headed gnomes cavorting in the sawdust, women with live reptiles draped across their shoulders, biker-gays in pedigree leather and silver-studs, and all around, intermingling, the shadowy, wraith-like streetgrimers who normally inhabited the place.

Razor bought a slug of whiskey, downed it, then threw the empty glass full-force into the writhing mob. It struck a heavily-perspiring para-British punker directly in the crotch. The mohawked dancer glared to an fro but could not see who had launched the missile.

The music was pulsating; a throbbing, mesmerizing beat that pounded like corrupt blood through the bar. The lyrics of "Bela Lugosi is Dead" bounced off the mirrored walls.

Razor grabbed Meow, the tallest of the twin Aborigines, and kissed her savagely. "Come on, baby, let's move." He dragged her onto the open floor and the two started to go through a pagan ritual of slapping, humping and grunting.

Razor grinned. Almost as good as a real fuck.

Almost...

Suddenly Razor heard a yell from behind. He turned to see Yum-Yum, the other Aborigine, being man-handled by a massive skinhead. As a rule, this kind of thing didn't bother him. Let the big boy have his fun.

But this wasn't just any big boy.

It was Dog-Shit, his arch-nemesis, the man who, once, had defecated on the hood of Razor's car while his cronies held him down.

The memory of it sent waves of rage coursing down Razor's spine.

A gang of Dog-Shit's minions hovered nearby, watching with pleasure, his vicious advances. There was something odd about them. Razor couldn't tell quite what. Releasing Meow, he leapt towards the bar and slammed Dog-Shit hard on the right shoulder.

"Shove off, Piss-Blood. She's mine."

Dog-Shit turned slowly, his enormous body pivoting like an impossibly huge slab of bright-red ground beef. For a microsecond Razor felt shock.

Dog-Shit was wearing a pig's mask, snout and all. So were his thugs.

"Well, lookee here. If it ain't my old buddy Razor."

The thugs all laughed, edging closer.

Dog-Shits's breathing became hoarse behind the mask.

"Guess we're gonna have some fun toooooonight." He said, drawing it out, savoring the words...

Razor bent to a crouch, loosening the butterfly on his arm, feeling the haft of the black-jack in the palm of his right hand.

He would not go down easily. Of this, he was certain. If prison had taught him anything it was that anything -even death- was better than what happened once they got you on the floor...

So be it.

In the fulminating heat, like some terrible predator cornered by carrion-eaters, Razor readied himself for the first assault... **To be continued.**

SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE

LAX

LAXFJMF2

OJO

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egg

boy

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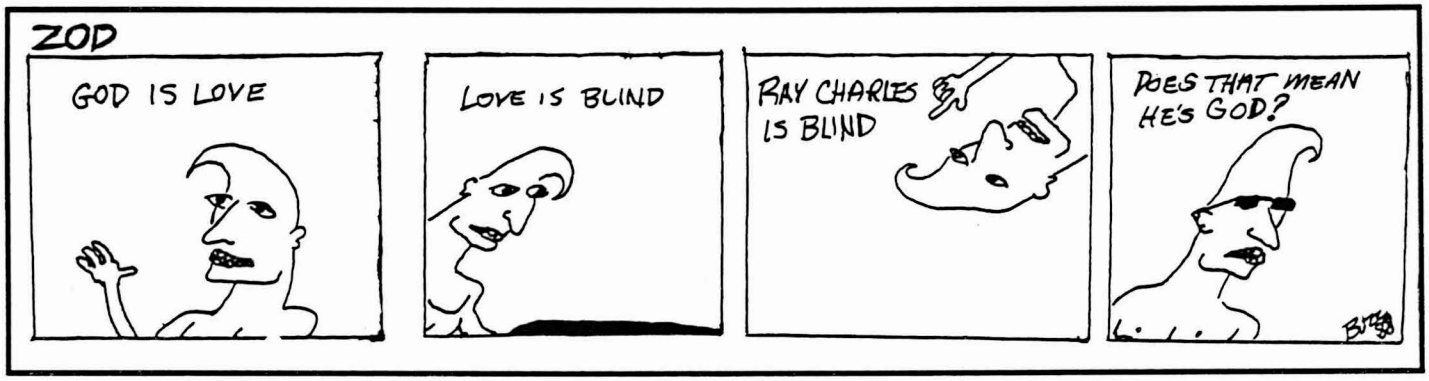

Dukakis, Just a start in ruling the people.

Darby

The law, in the hands of Mr. Dukakis, is a wonderfully flexible instrument. Here we have daddy Dukakis telling people they can not smoke, at work and home.

Beginning January 1, 1988, no one applying to serve in the state of Massachusetts as a "public-saftey officer" will be permitted to smoke, at all. Can't you just picture this police officer hiding in the bathroom to get a hit off a butt he/she carries around in his shoe for opportune moments? Do you think these honorable officers who have been smoking 20 years are going to abide by this law? A new class of criminals will arise, "The Smokers".

The reasoning behind this decision is that since smoking has been established as a contributing risk factor for both hypertension and heart disease, disability retirement due to hypertension and heart disease should eventually be reduced.

Don't let that sucker you into believing they, the dicks, are concerned about your lives. It's money, and always will be. Remember you are just a number to them and a small number until it's tax time. You've got a lot to worry about people. Government control. Not rule for the people but the ruling of people! He should pass a law that police officers can not work in cities like L.A. and New York because the pollution is so bad for their health.

Imagine, with this law there could easily be more laws passed with just as much inventiveness. Let's imagine laws preventing one from eating fattening foods, watching certain T.V. programs or movies, reading certain books, express certain viewpoints, and even the prohibition of alcohol. Why not? These could all be considered (by a mad man) harmful to ones health. The laws could move from police officers to all the people.

Where would it stop? When will it end? As president, daddy Dukakis has four years to jerk us around.

1988 Official

CLUB DIRECTORY

The get hip quick kit is here!

A complete listing of underground & subcommercial L.A. nightclubs with DJ interviews, photos & the blow-by-blow scoop on the people who run them.

BATLINE Club hotline **281-5556**

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Hollywood, Ca. 90028

Show reviews

SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS
THE PALAMINO
Friday, October 14th.

The Palamino felt different tonight. This old black guy with horns in his nose was screaming like he had the devil on his ass. "15 tons of Aids, 100 pounds of breasts", he hollered and the audience returned his cries for more. It was a show where the union between singer and audience was totally unconflicting. The music is 50's style with voodoo and blackmagic influences. I'm told Screamin' Jay Hawkins' shows are always great and I believe it. If you weren't here you were nowhere.

THE DAMNED
JOHN ANSON FORD THEATER
Friday, October 21st.

Viva Las Vegas!

I first caught the Damned in 1985, in a small country bar in upstate New York. It was a flawless, brilliant show - one of the premier punk bands of the 70's and 80's vs. a hundred, beer swilling rednecks, wondering where in the hell the Grateful Dead cover band was. There was no place else I would have rather been at that moment. I left eagerly awaiting the next show.

Well, three years and three thousand miles later there I stood, amongst the 2000+ fans at the sold out show on Friday night. I can't say exactly what I was looking for, nor hoping to find, Let's just say it wasn't *that*.

Not that it was bad, it wasn't. It was just, well, different.

The band ran through a number of songs, old and new - "Plan 9; Channel 7", "Shadow of Love", "Anything" - with wild abandon, sounding every bit as powerful as they do on vinyl. And occasional hard edged cover versions including Peggy Lee's "Fever" and "Johnny Remember Me" (who originally did this one I don't know). All in all it was quite good but the pomp and circumstance threw me , from the pre-taped female vocals and artillery, to Dave Vanian coming off as a cross between a post punk vampire and a 70's lounge lizard, while remaining somewhat aloof and not really connecting with the audience.

Has Vanian grown from mere frontman to *entertainer*? And if this is the direction the band is going in, can gigs at Ceasars Palace be too far behind?

Tom Jones, eat your heart out... - *Michelle*

THE DAMNED
JOHN ANSON FORD THEATER
Saturday, October 22

Hey it's KROQ night here at the John Anson Ford theater and boy aren't we having fun. That's it, push your friends and giggle. You guys are so rad. This is so much fun. Who cares if Dave Vanian is singing the Damned songs (new and old) like a pop singer would. We like it that way. He's got a cool new song called "Neeeeaaat Neeeeaaat Neeeeaaat". Dave is doing his Elvis impersonations tonight too and he looks like he should be fatter and singing in a rockabilly band. So Dave, how'z your wife? It's all her fault isn't it. Tickets were going for $30-$40 a piece outside so you can imagine what I was thinking about inside. P.S. At least he cut his hair but he's got to do something with those sideburns. P.P.S. I missed Sham 69. - *Darby*

So as television is left with extra air time we here at Ben is Dead seem to be left with extra page space. Of course you can imagine and only hope that a picture goes or would go here. Because of the untimed rotation of the earth and the gravity pull this luxury could not be made possible. We are very sorry. Might we suggest that you use your imagination or paste your own picture here. If this is not possible might you try another magazine that is more prepared for your needs. We will indeed compensate for this error in the next issue and as we speak have 100's of hungry kids roaming the streets and clubs in search of your visual pleasures. Now you may continue and have a fucking good day.

DEATH RIDE '69
A CHURCH, INGELWOOD
Saturday, October 22

The atmosphere was da-glo neon hell, with fluorescent jesus's turning around on turntables. By the time the band played the hallucinations were flowing. Tribal. Moving to altered states of consciousness, gesticulating wildly like the shamens frenzied dance. The whole audience writhed in the small confines of the "Jesus Incorporated Church". - *Dave*

Music.

What is going on in L.A.?

Though I normally prefer not to start on a bad note, concerning this topic there are no other options. It can only be assumed that all people with any musical taste have left the state, probably even the country.

There are still some clubs which occasionally (like every full moon) have good music and/or bands. They are slightly high in price though and if there are no "ins and outs" you could feel stuck.

As far as concerts and shows go. If you have any possible intention to do anything but sit, drink and dance in a *NORMAL* manner you could encounter some difficulties. If so, avoid these situations at all costs. Unless you can sneak in, my advise to you is save your $15 bucks and buy the record.

Here are todays recommendations.

CLUBS CLUBS CLUBS CLUBS

Lectisternium: This club is the place for "new music" bands to be seen and heard. Approximately 2-4 bands play here each Sunday evening and at least one has something new or enjoyable to offer. The ambiance is cool but slow although there are things happening at this club musically. Look out for some cool video's. The DJ plays the most obscure, industrial and alternative music. They lack the fun of an occasional oldie. Some punk or death rock would be greatly appreciated by many. There are "in's and out's" here. How much longer I do not know 'cause the cops have been seen about a few times. (I can not imagine why. This place is in boonsville. Cops are pathetic.) The only problem is I've gotten lost on the way every time and to some $7 can be considered a vast some.

9300 W. Jefferson Blvd. (at the Cover Girl)
W.L.A.
Sundays only; Full bar; $7. 9p.m.-2a.m.
(213) 870-1596 or (213) 465-3911

Hapihaus: So this is death rock heaven. I couldn't listen to death for a week after going here but who cares, they played miles of great songs. If you like to dance this is your recommendation, but if you have any intention to move a beat too fast during a punkish song or band, you're history. The girl who runs the club says it is because the bouncers are property of the Stardust, well they're jerks. This clubs on Sunset so if you go inside that's where you stay and it does get hot. Its open every Friday, 18 and over, get drunk. Drink and drive. Um, I'm uh, just kidding.

5610 W. Sunset Blvd. (old Stardust)
Fridays Only; Full bar; 10p.m.-4a.m.
(818) 846-3593

Raji's: This club's got a primo atmosphere and lots of character. Beer and wine at the bar upstairs and a mini restaurant below. Music varies so check to see what's playing or you could get stuck seeing a bunch of hillbillies playing country jams. Look out, I've seen some awesome shows here and some local and distant heroes in the crowd such as X and the Cramps.

6160 Hollywood Blvd.
18 & over; closed Sun.-Tues.
(213) 469-4552

Update!

So like P.S. guys, since I've written this many moons ago **Lectisternium** was closed. Boo-hoo, but a new club has emerged, with another name that will take me months to learn, **Corpus Cavernosum**, at the same location, same night & some of the same operators. According to them this club will be even better then Lecti. Why? Because there will be a wider variety of music by the D.J. and a wider variety of bands will be seen here. Okay. **Hapihaus** is looking for a new location. If you have any in mind, call them at (818) 569-5591. Also use that number to find out about any parties they may be having, like the benefit this Saturday, the 29th. The **Krypt**, previously unmentioned, has moved back to their old address at 4720 W. Washington at the Ebony Theater every Friday and Saturday. Call them at (213)462-3851 for info. **Zombie Zoo**, also previously unmentioned, has moved to the same location as Corpus Cavernosum, on Jefferson Blvd. and will be happening every Wednesday night. *-Darby*

Ce qui est très « punk »

Se cracher dessus entre amis
Faire de la musique punk
Le rouge avec le noir et le vert avec le rose
Le dégueulis, le hurlement, la maladresse, l'ivresse et la fébrilité
Être d'autant plus agressif qu'on est plus rachitique
Faire des *destroy* dans les appartements bourgeois sans effraction [1]
Péter, roter, chier dans les rallyes de Boulogne, les boums de banlieue, les cocktails du Crillon, les galas du P.C., les conseils de classe, les A.G. d'étudiants, les réunions de femmes et les rassemblements politiques [2]
Trouver Amin Dada sympa et Giscard minet
N'avoir aucun avenir et le dire
Donner des coups de pied dans les murs
Se faire appeler Johnnie Proot quand on s'appelle Marcel Roger
Regarder par terre
Parler peu
Parler fort

1. Le destroy (destruction) : sauter à pieds joints sur la stéréo, etc. Le fait qu'il s'agisse de leur propre appartement ou qu'ils soient eux-mêmes bourgeois n'y change rien.
2. Plus finement, lors de la fête du parti socialiste au Trocadéro, un Punk aurait mangé sur la tribune une rose.

Un Punk, vu par Cabu

What is really <<punk>>

(a French version, translated)

To spit on each other, between friends
To do punk music
Red with black and green with pink. (?)
Throwing up, yelling, awkwardness, drunkenness, febrilety
To be aggressive as one with rickets
To destroy the apartments of the high class, snob people, without breaking in[1]
To fart burp, shit in the race of Boulogne (Boulogne is a park in the center of Paris. The race is a marathon.), the parties in the outskirts of Paris, the cocktails of Crillon, the meetings of the communist party, the council of the classrooms, the A.G. of the students, the reunion of women and the assembling of politics[2]
To find Amin Dada (the president of Senegal - an African country- who would eat people and send diamonds to Giscard) cool and Giscard (the French president between 1975-1982, a socialist.) cute
To have no future and tell everybody about it
Kicking the walls in
Telling people your name is Johnnie Proot (Johnnie Fart) when your real name is Marcel Roger (a common French name)
Looking on the floor
Not speaking a lot
Speaking very loud

1. Destroy (destruction) : jumping on a stereo etc. and if it's your own apt. or if they are rich themselves, it wouldn't change anything, break everything anyway.

2. More subtlety during the feast of the socialist party at the Trocadero, one punk has eaten, on the tribune, a rose. (the red rose is the symbol of the socialist party - to eat it is sacrilege to that party).

The French

Ludwig Von '88

Perhaps you would like to know how French people have fun? If yes, here is an example.

Ludwig in concert is something you must see at least one time in your life. Everything starts by a comic book festival in Angouleme, a little town in France. When we entered in front of the concert room we were surprised by its small size. The question was that perhaps we were at the wrong address. Then the doors opened to invite us inside. We walked straight ahead in this black hole without a sound. After being inside the question was who paid. I must say this was a night of many questions. So who paid? The big skin who was with us said, "I paid with my fist." There was no problems for money, it's better for buying some more beer.

The concert room was full of punks and skins coming from all over France. We were sure that was the right address.

After one hour of drinking the concert began. The first band was Les Cochons dans les Spasmes (The Pigs in the Spasm). Five guys wearing underwear started to play very dumb, almost heavy metal, music. After 5 minutes the 250 punks and skins took them away. No luck for them.

The second band, Les Endimanchee, came out very happy because they had more time to play and also because they realized their audience had good taste in music. Their style was country (French country) with humorous songs. They passed over well with the audience. For over an hour everyone had a lot of fun dancing La Bourre (a French country dance), actually Punk Bourre (slightly more aggressive).

And now the big moment, The Ludwig. Complete audience hysteria.

On stage where the animation begins, the four members from Ludwig carry out a 15 foot long joint. They say, "And now let's party." The first song begins and in the same time we start the pogo. [1] At the end of the first song we push the destroyed and crippled off the floor and into the corner of the room, a technique for making more room.

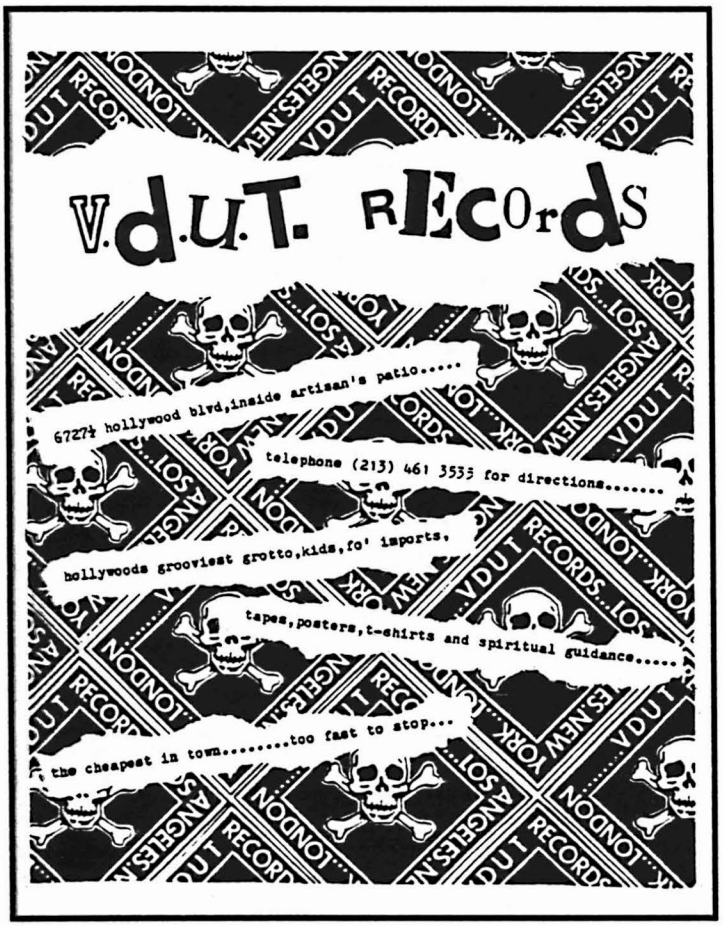
The Ludwig plays with two guitars, one bass, one drum machine and one singer. The most interesting part of their music is what they say in their songs. They're about politics, people (punks and skins), drinking and being drunk, and some funny fables. The music pushes you to dance unless you're retarded.

Suddenly the sound stops. Everyone turns around and stares at the mixing table. The mixer wasn't really smiling and wasn't feeling very well. To have these 250 people looking at him should have made him shit his pants. But he wasn't going to put the sound back on. Somebody said he was a fucking heavy metal and that he didn't like punk music. So, you can only imagine this guy was in big trouble. What's happened to him? He finished in the trash can with the cover on his head. Oh, he was also missing some teeth.

The sound was turned back by the audience, and the concert continued with more fun and beer until 3 o' clock. We had to stop because everyone was dead tired or dead drunk. The last thing I remember is waking up covered with the white powder from an extinguisher and an empty room.

So my friend and me drank a last beer, smoke a joint and then left to find a field to sleep in because tommorow we have to see Berurier Noir... - *ben*

[1] *The definition of French pogo is not dancng in a circle (as I've seen here in L.A.) but to jump and try to destroy the skins first (in France skins and punks are at war) and try to get the maximum room to dance. A little more agressive than the American way.*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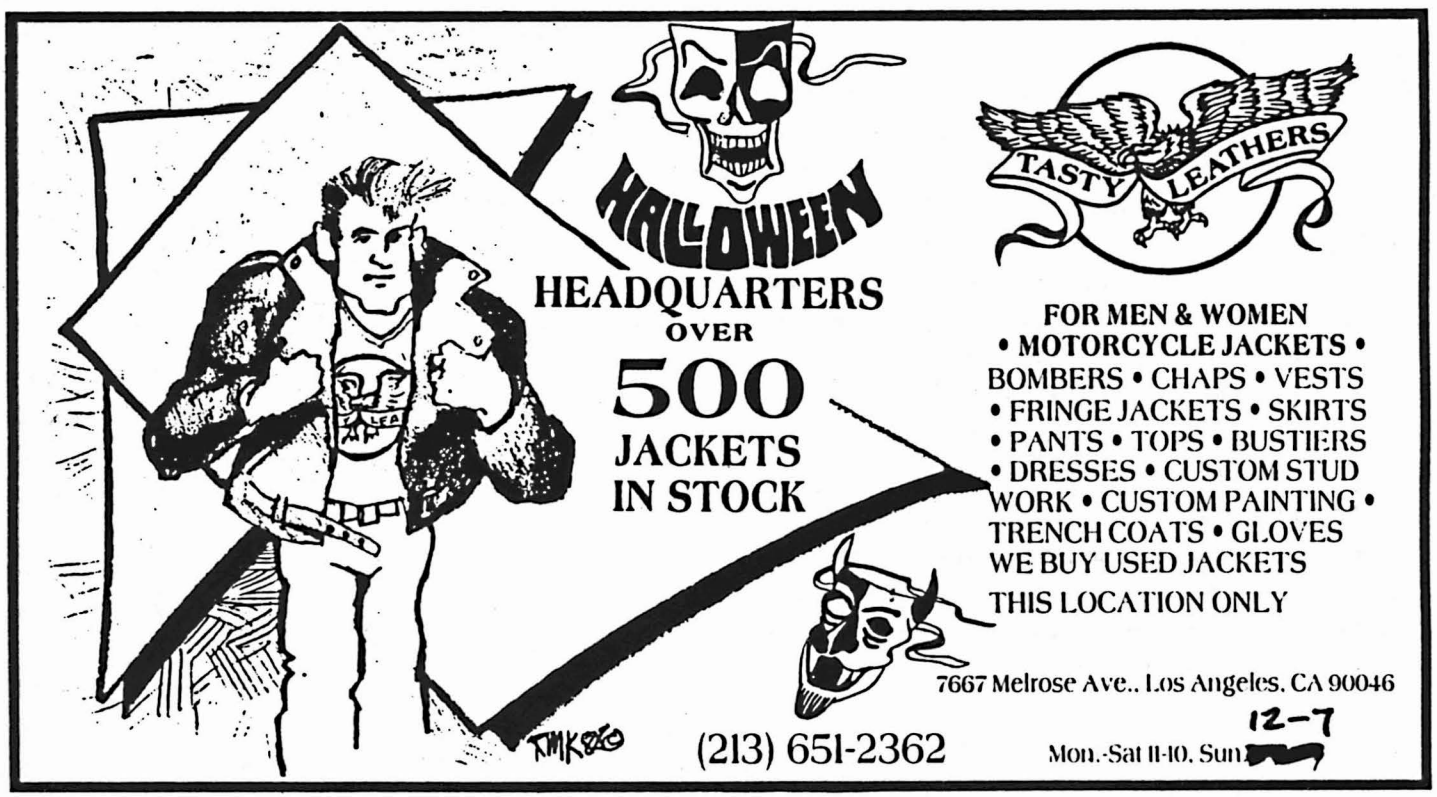
the cheapest in town.....too fast to stop...

Attention Band Members

The November issue of "Ben is Dead" will include a band listing. Any bands who feel they have something exciting to offer the extremely bored public, please fill in the list below on a **4x5 card**, with a demo tape, picture (if poss.) and send to "Ben is Dead", Free Band Ads, P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, Ca. 90028. (No Heavy Metal, glam, disco, or La La music, thank you).

1. **Bands Name:**
2. **City:**
3. **Members Names:**
4. **Music Style:**
5. **Influences:**
6. **Dates & locations of next (1-2) shows (if any):**
7. **Name (manager if any), phone &/or address for contact:**
8. **Where can people buy your music?**

Remember issues come out the last day in every month. Deadline is November 20th.



PUNK'S Not dEAD!

Where once punks flourished now there are only few. Unlike Europe, where the punk scene is still big, places like Hollywood show only scattered signs of this dying breed. Where did all the punks go? Here's an interview with Wea, age 15 and Jenny, 16, a few of the last remaining.

BID: Do you go to clubs?

J: Yeah club Hollywood. Ha,ha.

Wea: When there are gigs.

BID: How do you get money?

J: People pay for us. My dad sends me money sometimes. One day when we panhandled on Melrose we made $20. And that same day we found a wallet in Retail Slut with $35.

BID: Where do you live?

J: We live on the streets, in our friends car.

BID: Do you go out with skin guys?

Wea: Yeah, cause some of them are fine.

J: There are hardly any cute punks.

BID: Do the punks and skins get along?

J: Sometimes, not very often.

BID: What do you expect to be doing in the next couple of years?

Wea: I'll still be here.

J: No, no I won't be here, please not that. I'll be married to my boyfriend and have lots of little baby skinheads.

Wea: Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's it. Have a nice apartment, and a car.

BID: How come you guys don't work?

J: Cause we're letting our hair grow out. (They both have semi-shaved hair)

BID: What's happened to all the punks here in Hollywood? Just a few years ago there used to be a shitload of punks.

Wea: Yeah, now the skinheads are taking over.

BID: Where did all the punks go? Where they poseurs or did they just leave the country?

J: They changed.

Wea: Probably turned into that working class thing.

BID: What about the cops?

J: They're (the cops) trying to kick everybody out. They told us not to walk on Hollywood Blvd. or they'll arrest us. They think we're runaways.

BID: Do people still react weird when they see you?

Wea: Adults think 'cause the way we look that we have no brains. They look at us like ooh, scary. We're too outrageous. Hey when I was in school I was one of the most intelligent people.

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What else?

The scene is dead out here pretty much. Either they are fake or they are trying to be like everyone else. In other words trendy, fucking poseurs. I don't like clubs out here. Heavy metal sucks. I hate long hairs.

Jenny

I listen to all types of music. My favorite band is Screwdriver (skin band). I hardly get out of Hollywood too much. It's addicting. It's my home. Punk's not dead. It's just the scene, there are more skinheads now. I dress pretty normal now compared to the first time I got into the scene 2 years ago. I know what I am at heart and I don't have to prove myself to anyone anymore. I'm going to get a tattoo of a Mohican and have "Punk Rock - 1988" under it. It's going to be on my back. In the last 3 months I've gotten 5 tattoos.

I think I'm growing up too fast, probably. A 15 year old with too many problems, hopes and dreams. Everyone who doesn't know me says," you're only 15 and you're this and that."

All I'm waiting for is this skinhead, Oi Dog to come back for me. I don't think I love my mom. I know I don't. I've had no feelings left for her in the longest time.

I used to be scared of growing up but now I just let it happen. Wea.

DEAR G-D,

Dear G-d,

I'm having a problem understanding Heavy Metal. Is there anything to understand? Is this a joke?

Signed, "What the fuck".

Dear "What the Fuck",

I appreciate your confusion and must admit I have some explaining to do. Though admired by many, it should be known I *do* spend many a lonely night up here. Sometimes I just can't control myself. One night, while slightly intoxicated, my cable T.V. went out. Perhaps I overreacted but I was in the middle of watching "Return of the Living Dead" and my nerves were on edge. To compensate I decided to use the world as my television.

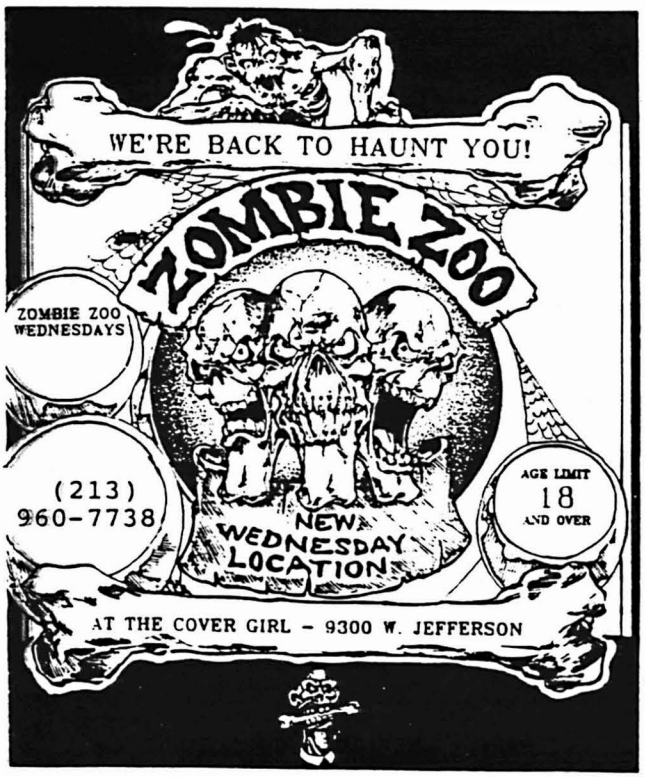
Being a chemist at heart, I created a formula and covered the clouds with it. The rain showered the earth with my creation and "Return of the Living Dead, Part II" had begun. Those unfortunate enough to be roaming the earth's exterior, and come in contact with this evil substance, had no idea what type of change was to come over them. Their skulls became hollow, metal casings. What once was brain soon grew out of the head as hair. Knowledge was not only unnecessary but quite impossible.

I do not deny my amusement at seeing hundreds and thousands of people at times banging their heads against the air in a distorted rhythm so perverse and incomprehensible. It was a comedy like no other. When I finally sobered up and realized the cruelty of it all, I knew my fun had to come to an end. After all I am G-D and do have some standards.

I've tried all possible antidotes and am now sending this message out to you. I need your help! There isn't much time, as I from above, can see this disease spreading across the planet like radioactivity from a nuclear explosion. We must save the earth from complete stupidity. We must find out if those with the disease can be cured. If not should the metalheads be quarantined and forced to live together. Please people, do not give in. Avoid MTV and most clubs (especially in L.A.). Avoid the long haired zombies who threaten your originality. Feel free and fortunate to enjoy the types of music that encourages thought and inspiration.

Forgive me and good luck, G-D.

G-d may have the answer to *your* burning question. Send all questions to "Dear G-d", P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, Ca. 90028. For an answer by mail send a self addressed, stamped envelope.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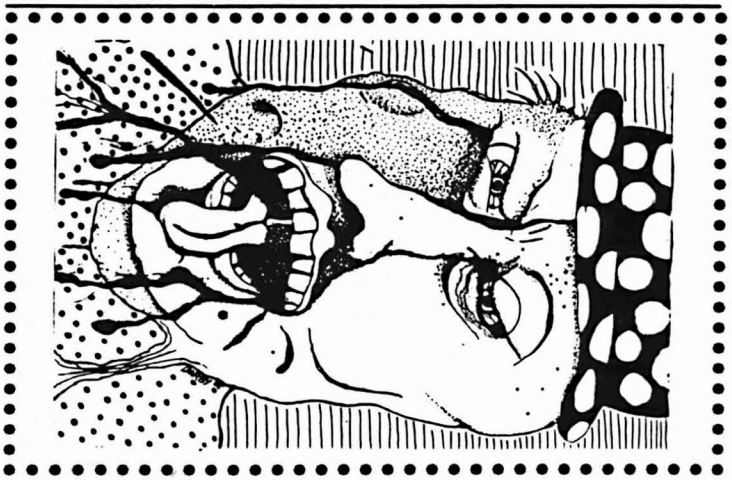
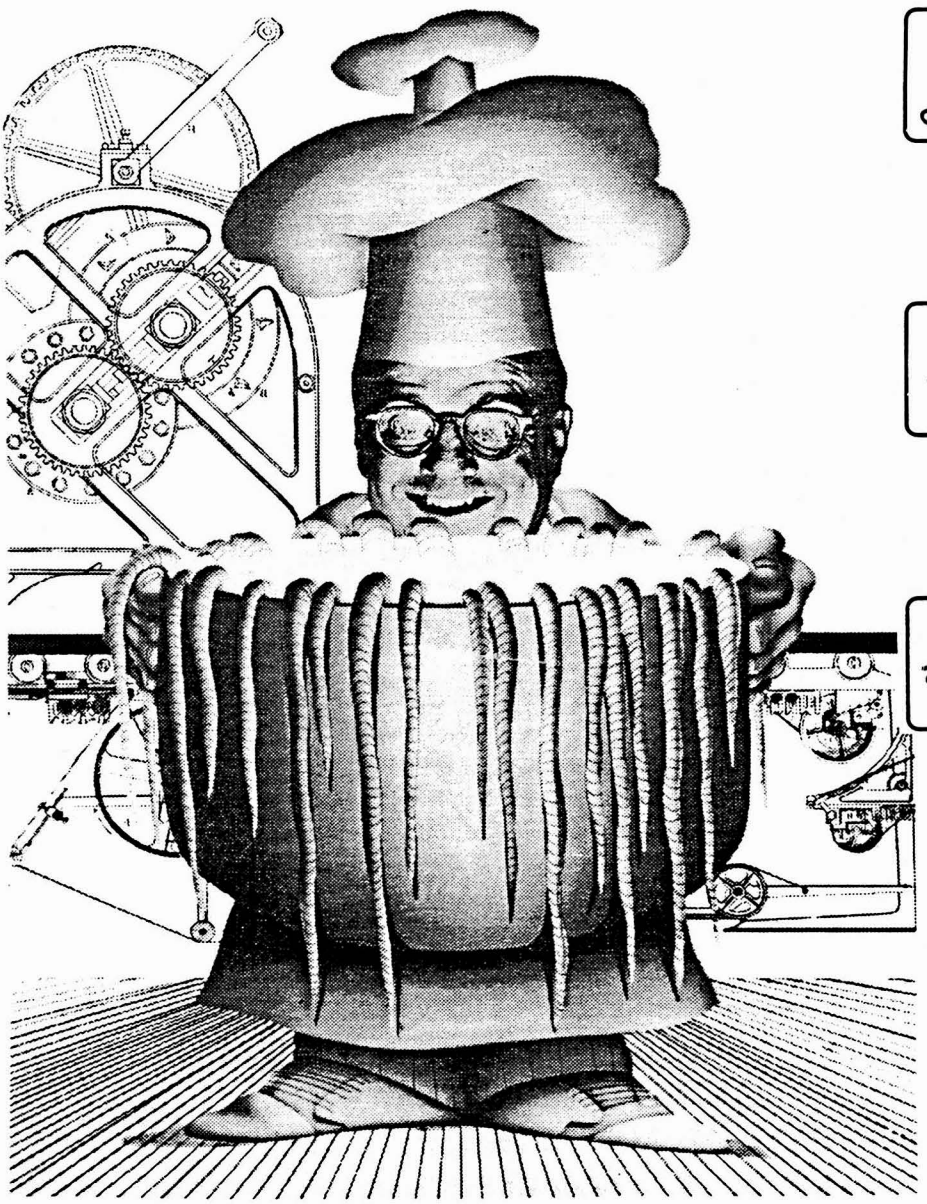
Nevada

Subliminal Suicide?

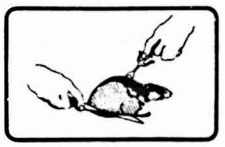
RENO — A judge here has delayed a lawsuit against Judas Priest and ordered CBS Records to turn over the master tape of the band's album "Stained Class" so it can be examined for subliminal messages that may have prompted two teen-agers to enter into a suicide pact.

So far, CBS has told plaintiffs in the lawsuit it cannot find the 24-track master tape used to make the 1978 album. But Washoe District Judge Jerry Whitehead said the tape would be a key piece of evidence in separating sounds among the music and lyrics to determine whether any subliminal messages exist.





Rat Recipes



Rat pie:

Take four medium-sized rats and lay them on the chopping board. Having first made sure the chopper is freshly sharpened, raise it as high above the first rat as you can. Make sure that the rat's neck is well exposed, then bring the chopper down with as much force as possible onto the neck or head of the rat. Then cook it in a pie.

Rat soufflé:

Make sure that the rat's squeals are not audible from the street, particularly in areas where the Anti-Soufflé League and similar do-gooders are out to persecute the innocent pleasures of the table. Anyway, cut the rat down and lay it on the chopping-board. Raise the chopper high above your head, with the steel glinting in the setting sun, and then bring it down – wham! – with a vivid crunch – straight across the taut neck of the terrified rodent, and make it into a soufflé.

Bits of rat hidden under a chair:

This isn't so much a recipe as a bit of advice in the event of members of the Anti-Soufflé League or its simpering lackeys breaking into your flat. Your wife (or a friend's) should engage the pusillanimous toadies from the League in conversation, perhaps turning the chat to the price of corn and the terrible damage inflicted by all kinds of rodents on personal property, and rats attacking small babies (this always takes the steam out of them) and you should have time to get any rat-bits safely out of sight. Incidentally do make sure that your current copy of *The Rat Gourmet* hasn't been left lying around, otherwise all will be in vain, and the braying hounds of the culinary killjoys will be unleashed upon the things you cherish: your chopping-board, the chopper caught in the blood-red glare of the fading sun. Bring it down – crunch! The slight splintering of tiny spinal column under the keen metal! The last squeal and the death twitches of the helpless rat!

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HAPPY HALLOWeeN

MY FRIEND WAS AN ANIMAL SO I ATE HIM.

By Darby and John

Yet another tragic disaster has been revealed here in America. This one comes straight from the Heartland. As you know, in the year 1989, farming communities across this once great nation began introducing new chemicals designed to promote the growth and increase the population of their farm animals. The results were startling to say the least: cattle the size of locomotives, pigs the size of hot air balloons and so on.

World hunger appeared to have at last been eradicated...

But now, two years later, researchers have uncovered evidence proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that these wonder drugs are highly toxic to humans! And, to make matters worse, all our staple livestock has been forever contaminated!!!

What, you ask, is to become of our great state? Are people ready to lose their taste for the flesh of other living creatures? Undoubtedly not. Though many vegetarians have lobbied extensively to show how extraordinary an opportunity this is, the Powers-That-Be refuse to listen.

So now, after months of heated debate and dialogue, Congress has finally reached a solution. Apparently it was argued (quite successfully) that there is little difference between farm animals and domesticated animals. In fact, the only real difference is that one lives outdoors while the other in. And that if we eat one type of animal, we can eat all animals. And why not? Once this point was agreed upon, the answer was simple.

A rush bill has been passed.

It is hereby decreed by the Federal government that each and every family bring its beloved pets to the new pet farm/butcher pits located in most major cities. Here, in these sterile flesh factories, the pets will be bred as livestock! Once a week, each family will stop in and pick up a dead and frozen cat or dog, whichever is their preference... The size of the meat allocation will, obviously, be directly related to the size of the family.

It is hoped by the Food and Drug Administration that eventually grocery stores will be able to stock their freezers with prepackaged dog meat - obviating the need for families to drive so far for food.

Sure, no children have cuddly pets to play with anymore but, hell, they've got their meat. The trade off seems a winner.

So, what do we have? Another signpost on the road to cannibalism? Today we consume Fido. But what about tomorrow? Grandpa's getting awful old...

FOOD

ARE YOU REALLY THAT HUNGRY?

(Taken from Anti-Establishment Magazine)

What's In Your Meat?

Besides lots of saturated fats and cholesterol: carcinogens, pesticides, hormones and antibiotics to promote animals' abnormal growth and fight disease caused by overcrowding.

Is Meat a Health Hazard?

Meat is directly linked to heart disease (America's #1 killer), hardening of the arteries, high blood pressure, cancer of the colon and bowel, kidney and liver disease. Meat can contain pathogens responsible for brucellosis, hepatitis, leukemia, toxoplasmosis, salmonella and tuberculosis. Being nothing more than a corpse, meat is higher in harmful bacteria than any other foods.

Meat Pollutes:

Producing 1lb. of meat generates 100lb. of manure which pollutes our waterways; 1 million gallons of water are used daily in just one slaughter plant; enough to service 25,000 people. A Nebraska study shows 100,000 lbs. of grease, carcass dressing and fecal matter washes daily into area rivers from city slaughter-houses.

What About the Animals?

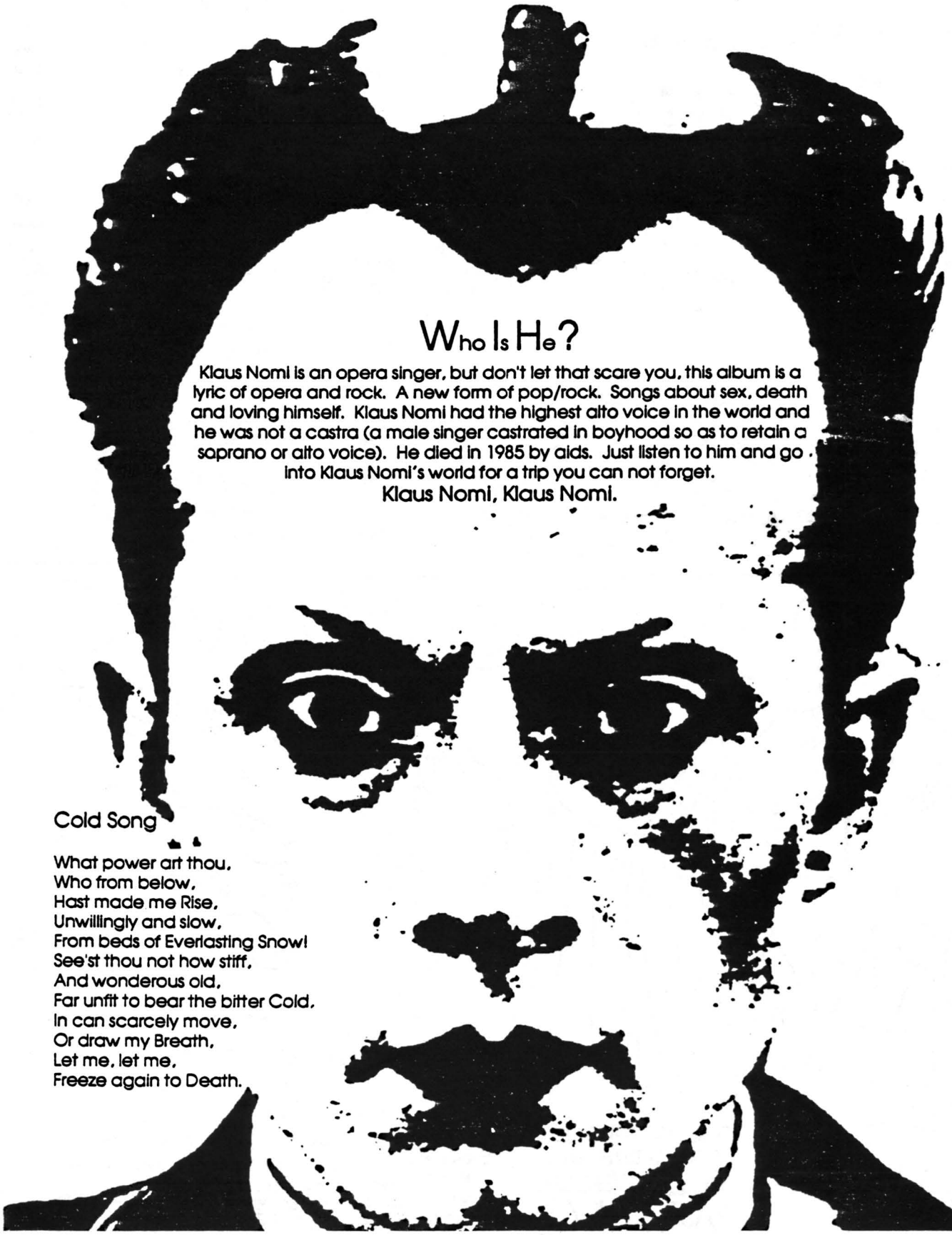
Those neat little plastic packages in the market used to have lives of their own. Today's intensive confinement systems reduce animals to "meat machines." Pigs and cows are castrated without anesthesia and kept in over crowded pens, unable to turn around or groom themselves. Veal calves are separated from their mothers at birth, kept in total darkness and deprived of iron. Three billion chickens are debeaked with hot irons, then forced to live in a space the size of a record album until they are turned into soup and pot pies.

Consider Eating for Life:

A vegetarian diet promotes superior health, endurance, vigor and longevity. It diminishes substantially the likelihood of heart disease, stroke, cancer, diabetes and a host of other diseases that claim American lives. It shows our consideration for animals extends beyond dogs and cats. Buy a vegetarian cookbook, visit your health food store, and start exploring a new way of eating today. Remember, non-violence begins at breakfast.

For more information contact:

O.C. Vegetarian Club
P.O. Box 28318
Santa Ana, Ca. 92799
714/ 647-5590



Who Is He?

Klaus Nomi is an opera singer, but don't let that scare you, this album is a lyric of opera and rock. A new form of pop/rock. Songs about sex, death and loving himself. Klaus Nomi had the highest alto voice in the world and he was not a castra (a male singer castrated in boyhood so as to retain a soprano or alto voice). He died in 1985 by aids. Just listen to him and go into Klaus Nomi's world for a trip you can not forget.

Klaus Nomi, Klaus Nomi.

KLAUS NOMI

Cold Song

What power art thou,
Who from below,
Hast made me Rise,
Unwillingly and slow,
From beds of Everlasting Snow!
See'st thou not how stiff,
And wonderous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,
In can scarcely move,
Or draw my Breath,
Let me, let me,
Freeze again to Death.

NEW ALBUM REVIEWS

Daphne
from Raunch Records

ROLLINS BAND "Do It"

Side one contains 3 powerful new tracks that follow the bands earlier releases with Henry's forceful lyrics and music, with energy to match. The title track urges action and encourages fans of the band to fight complacency in any positive endeavor (ie. right it, speak it, do it). Side two gives us 6 tracks recorded live in Deventer Holland and offers excellent sound and documents a good performance that shows the bands attraction both on record and stage. Side one is produced by Ian Mac Kaye and released by Texas Hotel.

CRUCIAL YOUTH "The Post-Machine"

An absolutely hilarious release by New Jersey's self proclaimed straightest band on earth. With motos like "be straight, don't be late, bench your weight and don't masturbate", this 5 piece serves up 22 tracks of positive dental outlook. Pressed on milk colored vinyl and accompanied by a 19 page comic/lyric book, this LP follows in the footsteps of their 7" EP and leaves no question as to their policies of uniting a positive scene. Complete with a Crucial Youth reading list, dictionary and steps to safe moshing. A humorous LP not to be missed by anyone inclined towards straight-edge hardcore. On new Red Archives.

SCREAM "Live at Van Hall, Amsterdam"

Excellent sound makes this vinyl well worth it for Scream fans as they bang out 12 tunes in top form. Most of the tracks are from "Still Screaming" and "Banging the Dream" with only one track from their 2nd LP. One of the oldest and most dedicated punk bands, Scream is well seasoned in touring and the reaction they receive from the European Crowd is similar to the pleased fans at home. Playing with Heart and soul, this record will tie over those of us anxiously awaiting their new LP on the well known reggae label RAS. Out on Konkurrel Records.

VA "Ooops! Wrong Stereotype"

The alternative tenticles compilation. A fantastic sampling of the latest in product from a long standing in the alternative record world. This budget priced ($5.50) slab gives us great tunes from, No Means No, Beatnigs, False Prophets, Alice Donut, Tragic Mulatto, Stickdog, Christian Lunch, Klaus Fluoride and spoken word from J. Biafra himself. A tasty treat to help you hear the bands on their label and a discography on the back to help you find more by your favorite bands. If you have a soft spot for the unique or industrial I would recommend checking out the bands on this sampler. Out on Alternative Tenticles.

All above are available at Raunch Records now!!!

By, English pop-star and egotist, **Mick Bladder**
from V.D.U.T. RECORDS

JANES ADDICTION "Nothing Shocking"

And there was never an L.P. more aptly titled . As these idiots indulge themselves with Rolling Stone riffs and strangled, whining vocals. Basically what this lot need is a good haircutting session and a good kicking. What they don't need is you lot to go out and buy it and help 'em along in their "ain't we artistic" ego trip. I don't doubt that it'll sell loads, there's enough mugs knocking about, so leave 'em to it. A definite case of the bland leading the bland.

BANGELS "???"

Yeah, yeah. Well let's face it, I didn't even need to take this out of the shrink wrap, cos you look at the cover and you know what you're gonna get. More of the same, every teenagers dream, nobody is interested in the music, mate, they're interest lies firmly in how short a skirt they're gonna see when the songs on MTV. Oh, so sweet and cute, might as well leave the L.P. unplayed cos the best parts gonna be the group pic. on the cover.

POP ART "Transvision Vamp"

Or more importantly the Art of making a pop group successful cos there's an awful lot of hyping going on with this bunch, and image changes along the way; they started off as a kind of S.S. Sputnik meets Westworld group, then the straight revolution of punk rock (going as far as to hire the Sex Pistol's graphic artist Jamie Reid to do their art), then hitting on their present image (and success) as a simple pop group. Still putting aside all the nonsense, musically they're quite good, in a fresh pop sort of way - powerful guitar and catchy tunes and young Wendy has a nice voice too. The best track is definitely the cover "Tell That Girl To Shut Up", but other tasty numbers abound. Give it a listen if you don't believe me.

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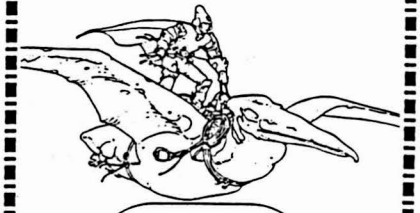

GOLDEN APPLE

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album reviews cont.

MISFITS "Walk amongst Us" (reissue)

I'm told that this is the American "Never Mind the Bollocks" - i.e. the classic punk rock L.P. If that's so then it proves what the man says - American punk is as valid as British country and western. Nothing against the Misfits, they're good at what they do and are beloved by all for doing it, but apply the simple rule, does it have sex, style, or subversion? Pointless to review it cus if you're a Misfits fan you'll have it or buy it, so you don't need me to tell you about it, do you? Maybe you should try something new.

LIGHTNING STRIKE "Incoming"

Wow-ee, Here it is - London's best new live band's debut L.P. and it's like having a bucket of cold water poured over your head after that Janes Addiction guff. Sharp, clean-cut, punk rock, circa '77 Clash style but it's definately musically suited for '88. Give it a listen. If this don't have you pogo-ing round after a couple of plays, your past it buddy. As I said before - sex, style and subversion - these lads have loads of it (and short hair) and a sense of humor too (read the lyrics, mate). Song topics stretch from smack addiction in South London to how they got thrown off Capitol Records for being too out of order. They are first and foremost a live band but this is a good translation to record. So check it out, dude, as you American's say.

Incidently it's only available as a promo in America at the moment but it's banned in England, so get it whilst you can.

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WHY?

There is a supposed water shortage to which I've donated my showers. I now take my showers via a cold, mist, spray. Why, why do I do this? I do this not only because I live in an apartment and am forced to but so movie production companies like CucoLoris can soak the streets with gallons of water to film a wet scene for a movie. This occurred on Normandie and Hollywood on October 10th. A few months earlier, on July 25-28th, during the shooting of a Charles Bronson movie in downtown L.A., they used a gigantic water truck to pour water all over the streets every 10-20 minutes. These are only two examples. Imagine the possibilities. In both cases cops were standing by to assist. I imagine I should have gotten their badge numbers and/or have made citizen arrests. I am outraged and dirty and I want my old shower-head back!

P.S. Is that weird or what. We have a water shortage every other year or so. What's the gag? Is the President trading our water supply with other nations? Or does it just evaporate and reappear a few years later. Maybe water (in cloud form) moves like the earth but a little bit faster or slower and it just depends on the earths rotation. And if you were stranded on a boat in the middle of the ocean for weeks would you drink your pee and eat your...

Poetry

Paris '88

by Dave Markowte

The milky-white lucidity of fluorescent lights-
enveloped in neon gloom... the air thickens and becomes like water - people pass like ships in a fog.
Below, the machine never stops - it's intricate symphony gleams with clockwork filigree like the spiders web in silver dew of morning. A lonesome poet seeks solace within a wine bottle as the mustaches hustle by - rusty metal armadillo creeps along with his weary shuffle - vacuum cleaners rent violin cases for shelter from the storm.
At 5:00 we are all assured that time is circular and likened to the self replicating spiral systems of Deoxyribonucleic Acid (DNA to us ordinary folk who might wear tennis shoes or the occasional combat boot.)
A lonesome drifter, nondescript. His road here started when he was 25, he's still somewhere else.
A porcelain goddess gathers her offerings - sometimes urns brimming with penguin dust, it's polemical climate.
A naked girl wearing a gas mask and an overcoat treads softly, mournfully, over the flowered fields and meadows of her youth. The guitar plays itself, sending seagulls in search of land - a place to rest.
All around is water.
Water, bottomless depths,
The road is no longer but 20 inches
from your ass people pass by as
The dreamer in a fishbowl dreams himself.

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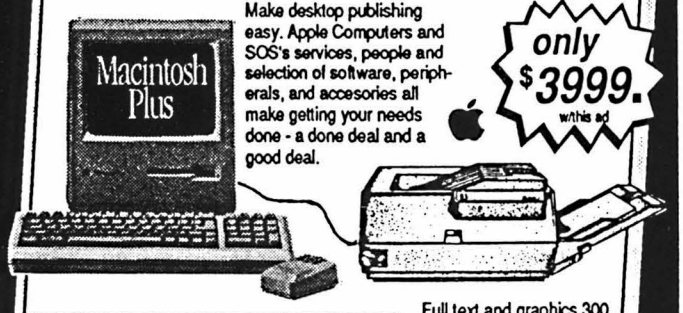

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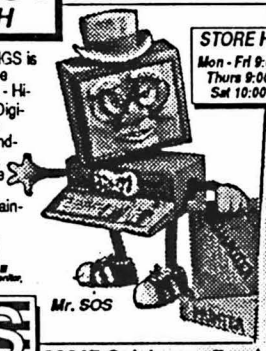

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